

GLEANINGS FROM THE GRAPHIC

By
RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

1/-



LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
GLASGOW AND NEW YORK



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GLEANINGS FROM THE "GRAPHIC"

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Born 1846. Died Feb. 12th, 1886.

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1889

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TROUVILLE-SUR-MER





On their wedding tours



*The Bathing
Director,
calling in
the rough bathers.*





THERE is more variety at French than we find at English watering places, as may be seen from these delineations of life at Trouville. Who—for example—ever saw British ratepayers making such a pleasant affair of going down into the sea as the three light-hearted—if not elegant—gentlemen represented above skipping hand-in-hand through the foam? A Briton calmly walks into a wave without any fuss; but a Frenchman attacks it with an air, doing it with an eye to effect—look at him on the right of the scene. And he casts his *peignoir* round him in an heroic way, knowing full well that the grace of its enfoldings must be observed by some at least of the many people who frequent the shore in order to contemplate and chat with the bathers.



Observe the jolly stout lady being hurried to the water by her lively companions. We never see that sort of thing on our coasts, but at Trouville it may be seen, and so may many people of remarkable appearance and habits—some of whom are presented to the eye in these sketches. (See page 11.)

This sketch does not represent Perseus and Andromeda—although that is a

very favourite seaside subject for artists. It is only a timid damsel waiting for the supporting and encouraging arms of a bathing-man. She has nothing to do with the gentleman behind, who runs frantically down the shore waving his sunshade, and casting aside his *peignoir* before entering the sea. That is a way some foreigners have of attracting attention, or of letting off their superfluous animal spirits.



Then here is the portrait of a noticeable person—a lady in a red velvet cap, ornamented with a stuffed mouse. So appropriate and tasteful she thinks. There are other opinions probably.

One little drawing above affords a distant view of the frequented part of the shore, where flags and banners always wave, and give Trouville an air of being perpetually *en fête*.



Next are sketches of some of the many lookers-on. Quiet folk who only seem to look at and take no part in the diversion of the place, and trippers from Havre by steamboat and elsewhere by rail. (See preceding page.)

The little sketches on the right and left of page 10 are selections from the motley throng tiffing with the ocean or loitering amongst the bathing-cabins. The quantity of chairs and bathing-machines on the sands is an important feature of Trouville.



In the afternoon the sands are covered with groups of gaily-clothed people busily engaged as in the sketch on page 14, and by crowds of elaborately-dressed children attended by simply-dressed nursemaids hard at work, as usual, digging in the sand (see above sketch)—in the background of which appears the land on the other side of the mouth of the Seine, where Havre is situated.

The sketch on page 16 shows two gentlemen going down to the sea shrouded in their *peignoirs*. They look like men of an ancient time—of a period long before trousers. Observe that they wear their *peignoirs* with the ease and dignity which only can produce the sweeping lines and folds that belong to toga-like garments.



The ladies are running hastily to seek the seclusion of their cabins after dipping, being apparently without the customary *l'anne*, who waits ready to throw a *peignoir* over the dripping form (when it happens to have dipped enough to drip) as it leaves the sea.

It is not permitted to the gentlemen to bathe on the west of the rope

depicted on page 9. The sea there is sacred to the Nereids and nymphs who gambol, splash and swing, while the men admiring, courageous individuals sometimes approaching to offer their help for a romp in the shallow waves, or for an adventurous wade to the farthest post. This is the morning's chief amusement.



WE have been to Brighton ("we" means the artist who has made the sketches of people and scenes in that famous watering-place, and we have *drawn* for the benefit of everybody; but we *speak* more particularly to the few who have never

been to Brighton,—amongst whom we ourselves were until very lately), and we have recorded with our pencil (it was a pen really) some of the impressions made upon us by our first visit.

THE PAVILION, &c.

IN our first drawing you see a view of the celebrated Pavilion—the marine residence erected by George the Fourth, when Prince Regent—a very strange-looking palace to the untravelled English eye. It is now untenanted—its saloons, halls, and suites of curiously decorated apartments being occasionally let for concerts, lectures, balls, routs, and festive gatherings—we are told. Stories of past gay doings in the Pavilion are numerous, and there are whisperings about the uses of the subterranean passage leading to a neighbouring house. But we have nothing to do with these rumours—we wish only to call attention to the outward aspect of Brighton objects. This wish, however, did not prevent us from having a dream after visiting the Pavilion and the Aquarium, and we have drawn out for you what we saw in our dream. We saw a stretch of seashore and two figures moving there-over to the margin of the water. They were a strange couple as seen from afar, but when they got nearer we recognised them as familiar acquaintances—King

George the Fourth and the mermaid from the Aquarium. She was leading him along in a most winning manner, and he seemed completely captivated by her tender smiles and graceful wriggle. Waiting in the sea close to the shore we saw some of the most distinguished fishes of the Aquarium tanks. They were partly out of the water, staring with round and eager eyes at the advancing couple. What was the result of their waiting we saw not, for at the moment when the left foot of "the first gentleman of Europe" was about to touch the water we awoke, and found it to be a dream.

We have introduced the sketch because it is suggestive of the past and present inhabitants of Brighton.

On the left of the drawing you observe a hawk of Disraeli-like aspect. He is not part of the dream—he is a walking, toffee-selling reality, and is well known to the frequenters of the King's Road.

THE RIDING LESSON

We had not been long in Brighton before we observed a cavalcade jogging along the King's Road in a very business-like manner. Some dozen girls— young ladies, as they are called by their teachers—were mounted on horses of various sizes, but of about equal spirit, from wiry small-footed ponies to attenuated elderly chargers with flopping hoofs, and in their midst rode one man ("Envi-able

position!" we hear somebody exclaim). This man was serious in his demeanour, and long in his legs, and therefore admirably adapted for his profession, which, we were informed, was that of Riding Instructor to Ladies.

We have drawn this cavalcade as correctly as we could, because these troops of *equestriennes* are a very important feature of Brighton life. The trot



is the pace at which they are usually taken along the King's Road towards more open riding grounds, and it affords to the contemplative loungeur a finer opportunity of observing the various "seats" of the ladies than any other pace can do. One notices many remarkable attempts at easing the severity of the bumping of the horse, more spring than is quite consistent with grace being prevalent amongst the novices. The riding-masters have a busy time of it; they

are jogging about all day long with little boys, little girls, and grown-up ladies. Indeed, there is a great deal of riding at Brighton amongst all classes of the community,—by some people, because they ride every day when at home—we are now thinking of the visitors chiefly—and by others, because they never ride when at home. By some for exercise, by some for amusement, and by others because they experience a sporting feeling when in the saddle.



A FEW HATS OF THE PEOPLE.

We made, and show you, some notes of the hats of the period. They would have been more elaborate drawings if we had not feared the opinion of the wearers too much to allow ourselves to be detected taking them down.



SEVERAL OF THE FREQUENTERS OF THE PIER

Seem by their features to belong to the nation formerly so highly favoured amongst the peoples of the earth. And are they not still favoured? They are "well-to-do," or they could not in such numbers sojourn at Brighton in an expensive manner, and wear such very fine raiment. Favoured! Why some of the handsomest faces (feminine) to be seen here, where one meets so many good-looking people, belong to that nation, and so do most of the roundest and well-filled waistcoats (masculine). But for all that many of the very best people who go to Brighton avoid the Pier.

Amongst the most interesting and touching sights that we beheld were occasional Bath chair groups. We have sketched one on page 23



SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON THE PARADE

In this sketch you have a slight idea of what struck us on our first walk out. It was a Saturday afternoon, and most of the people seemed to us very Saturday-like. We had a feeling that they had been busy all the week, and were now—after putting on clean collars and tuckers—taking a little mild recreation. Many probably had come down for the week-end. We noticed meetings and recognitions between husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts, and—dreadful to relate—rivals. Cigars, bath-chairs, hooked noses, dark eyes, furred jackets, and freshly-cleaned boots were in abundance. Some handsome faces amongst the ladies, and black hair and beards, with a strong tendency to curl, amongst the gentlemen. Along the road by our side equestrians were taking their weekly exercise; and if they did not feel quite "at home" in the saddle, perhaps it was better for them, as being more changeful and productive of excitement than their every-day way of locomotion.



AFTERNOON IN THE KING'S ROAD.

THE KING'S ROAD IN AN AFTERNOON.

Our large drawing on page 21 is meant to give some idea of the busily moving scene of which every resident and visitor finds himself (or herself) a part on each day. Open carriages of all kinds—landaus, victorias, dog-carts, T carts, white-chapels, phaetons, hackney vehicles, tricycles, and bicycles—roll along the middle of the road. Occasionally towers past the lordly drag, and frequently runs by us the humble goat-carriage—as shown in the left foreground of our drawing. People make the most of the open air during the season at Brighton. Along the Parade near the sea move the bath-chairs and sit the loungers—even in November (and in

December, we are told). Along the flags by the houses and past the shops saunter crowds of fashionably-dressed gentlemen and ladies. Notice the young man with the short drab overcoat, the tight trousers, and the flat hat. It is a costume much favoured by young men now—whether sportsmen or otherwise. Another flat hat in the drawing covers the revered head of a clergyman. The clergy seem to like Brighton, and make a considerable percentage of the people one meets. Then besides the carriages, you observe in the road plenty of horse-men and horsewomen. A gentleman of the Hebrew race prances by on a hired hack—getting well shaken



up and feeling himself to be doing quite the correct thing. A gentleman of Brighton on one of his own fine horses passes more quietly by. Ladies who have already learned to ride add their graceful presence to the busy scene, and excite the envy of the younger ones who are still pupils, and are taking their afternoon walks. Brighton is full of schools—boys' and girls'. You cannot go out without meeting some of them in procession. And when you do meet them, you must step aside and allow them the middle of the path. It has been their right from time

immemorial, and the young ladies are wont to tell of the joy they feel when opportunity comes for insisting upon this right. When two pretty faces head the procession, and bear down with pride and self-possession, and sometimes sauciness, upon a group of young men who are meeting them, what can the young men do but break into disorder, and let the enemy through? We believe the climate of Brighton is usually mild and pleasant, but as many people go there to see other people as for their health, and the visitors are more attractive than the place itself.

SUNDAY MORNING ON THE LAWN

After church is a feature of the place. As the visitors to Scarborough promenade on the South Cliff at a corresponding hour during its season, so do the people here walk up and down in the month of November; but in greater numbers, and exhibiting more variety of character—and, may be, a little more refinement of appearance.

Our sketch on page 22 is too small to do justice to the strolling crowd. This lawn—as we call it—is the series of extensive grass-plots between the road and the sea as we approach Cliftonville, and thereon can be seen much of the beauty and the fashion, the grace and the affectation, the pride and the glory of Brighton.



THE INVALID ON THE PIER.

A FINE, robust looking, bearded face, surmounting a huge wrapped-up body which was being slowly wheeled to and fro, while a group of smiling girls hovered round,

chatty and cheery, and making life pleasant and sunny to the outwardly good-humoured, but inwardly-chafing, spirit of the sick man. Perhaps it was only gout.

A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS ON THE DOWNS.

We heard about them, and went to the meet at the Devil's Dyke, a few miles out of the town. We reached an inn which stands on a height that commands—we are told—a view of several counties; but on our day the mist only allowed us to see the nearest rolling Downs, and those dimly, and it made the deep hollow of the Dyke look very awful—it must always look awful to a horseman. The hounds were a pretty sight as they sat waiting for orders to move. The field assembled was not so satisfying to the eyes. The Master and the Whips were all right, and there were several other men who looked as though they meant business; but most of the riders seemed not to be

quite sure about what they had come for, and what they were expected to do, and this state of mind lasted as long as we could observe them; for we afterwards noticed, when the harriers were running and wheeling with noses to the ground round the patches of gorse which the hare had skirted some minutes before, that many of the gallant sportsmen were gaily galloping about in the midst of distant valleys, or pressing up steep hills far away in selfish and solitary enjoyment. And while the Master and his men were closely following their hounds, and encouraging them in their pursuit of poor puss, certain noteworthy horsemen were riding out of the region of the hunt in order to pop



into and out of little hurdled sheep enclosures which they spied from afar. They must be excused—it was the only jumping to be got; and when a man puts on his breeches and boots, and rides out so manfully, he ought to do something fealty.

In our sketch may be seen several methods of equipment for the chase, and some idea gained of the nature of the country which we saw ridden over—grassy hills grazed by fine Southdown sheep, and occasionally varied by a patch of turnips. To the Dyke House a few people drive in carriages to see the meet, and afterwards make for points from which they are sometimes lucky enough to view the movements of the hounds. In fine and not cold weather a drive or ride to this height is worth taking.

In contrast to the wild excitement and risky adventure experienced amongst the sportsmen on the wind-swept Downs there is the peaceful repose to be found on a bench of the Pier, and the gentle exercise of a swaggering promenade while the band discourses its morning music. Taking into consideration the great number of residents and the vast crowd of visitors, Brighton Pier is not as thronged as Pier-loving people would expect or wish. We speak of the West Pier, which has quite superseded in importance and fashion the old Chain Pier, of which the townspeople were so proud when they used to publish coloured views of it as the New Chain Pier. Some faces turned up on the Pier—the Pier—during our stay on each morning of our visiting it, and from our seat—not retired, but amongst the crowd—we have drawn out a few faces of them. (See page 20.)



MONACO.

Jan'y 1877

Dear G

This is a beautiful place, & for the benefit of you stay-at-home bodies, I will describe it — in my way

Between Nice & Mentone, below the Corniche Road the hills — rugged & worn-hued where not clothed with the grey-green fringe of the olive trees — come right down to the Mediterranean; & throw out two small rocky capes, enclosing a little bay — called the Port des Spélugues — open towards the east. Round this bay is the Principality of Monaco — a horseshoe-shaped territory across which, they tell me, one man may easily shoot with a rifle — indeed the jagged shore-line are alleged to give seawards far more of space.

On the south Cape — a lofty & almost detached rock — stands the old town of Monaco (it is shown in the above sketch, which is a general view of the Principality) with some of the neighbouring headlands.

The most remote bearing the Italian town of Bordighera).

At the extreme point of this rock — on our right seen from the Corniche — is a dismantled fort, partly hidden by the gasworks, a group of buildings not disagreeable to the eye — the reservoirs being in a retired place, after off-



On the other side of the bay is Monte Carlo, with its gay villas, & hotels & little chapel — all looking as though just cut out of cardboard, touched-up with water colour, & glued on to the rocks.

At the point is the Casino — of which you shall hear — its gardens & terraces leading down to a tiny lawn all arranged for "la héliomassante" frozen slaughter while the peaceful fort opposite is falling into ruins.

The centre of the Principality — the part between the old town & Monte Carlo — is called "la Condamine". Here is a view of it taken from above the quay.



The houses are chiefly new, & white — except a few daintily tinted with pink or buff — & have red tiled roofs & green or French grey shutters. When the sun shines the general effect is wonderfully bright & pleasant. A bustling establishment & a boulevard occupy the margin of the bay. The post office, the tribunal, the barracks, & the palace are all in the town above; but the best shops — such as they are — are in the Condamine, which seems to do all the business of the whole. The old town dozes & Monte Carlo gambles. We have also here a church & a railway station, orange & lemon orchards with golden fruit all dangling, a few roses in bloom & a doctist.



The little church — Sainte Devote — is like the chimney-ornaments hawked about by Italian milliners. It crèches in a rocky ravine separating the Condamine from Monte Carlo, & seems terribly overawed by the Railway Viaduct.





The port takes up the few yards of beach, which are in the right bend, looking seaward, & up this beach most of the imports are rolled in the shape of casks. There is a short quay. The port, though small, is considerable, of importance, for up & down this quay a vigilant young man marches all day long below his coat the seaboard of a subtle gleaming — not in the sun however because during these short days, Monte Carlo requires all its purifying rays. ^{The quay is kept in} shade by the rocks & cattle of the town above. By the way, it is not always warm in the shade here at this season — yet seldom unpleasant to healthy people.

The 'boulvard de la Condamine' is the only piece of flat land in the municipality, & is 3 or 4 hundred yards in length — to leave it to ascend. It forms a pleasant promenade along the middle curve of the bay.



It is the highway between the old town & Monte Carlo. There are always smart little hackney carriages dashing about with startling cracks of whip — usually saved by 2 small rows elevated at the headpiece with fine brushes or gorgeous plumes. As to the people — I will speak of the natives only in this

letter — they are rather good-looking & of fair size. Here is a sturdy man whom I met one day — in January too — but I think he belongs to the country round about. also this lady (look at her hat).



Many of the girls have substantial plump figures, and a few have features of a high type. They often dress neatly — generally go out without hat or bonnet! — & do up their hair in masses of



coils & plaits, sometimes — tony round in a becoming way. They have their gowns made long enough to

require holding up in the prevailing manner. It is not only their fete day gowns, for they would thus grace with the carrying of baskets of wet clothes on their heads from the washing-place.



High-heeled boots are worn by all — blue bonneted workmen, baby-dangling dames — who should know better — & growing girls.

In a vague open space dignified with the title of the Place d'Armes on holy days many of the men may be seen playing with round stones at a



violent kind of bowls, clutched their beads & using strong language passionately. I have spoken more particularly of the Condamme, because it is where we are staying at present. There is at least one good hotel in this quarter & there are plenty of apartments which, with our own servants, we find more convenient.



In my next letter I will tell you about the old town. Meanwhile, I shall remain

Your devoted
Cora.



Levee

Morice

1st Feb. 1877

We have been up to Hotel Conde - (3 min. walk) & from the Condamine - where may be found all the distractions which were formerly sought in the banks of the Rhine. It is a very bright, pleasant place, & consists of a large Hotel de Paris, 2 or 3 humbler hotels, a cafe, 5 small shops, a picture & pottery store, several smiling villas & the famous Casino. Lingered at about 10 the sun or under the awning of the cafe, pony-carriages wheel past, brightening glass from & to the villas & gamblers ascend & descend the steps of the Casino (of which I gave the facade above)

The doors of the Casino open

into a hall of conversation.



Print-like servants receive cloaks & parasols. You may reach the last telegraphic news on the wall, then walk into the reading-

room, run through the principal newspapers of Europe & America, glance at the fashion-plate of France & the illustrated daily variety papers of Paris London & Leipzig, & find writing materials at your service.

Hammond's records draw you to the concert room where excellent music is discoursed twice a day by a large



orchestra under a prearranged pale conductor. Here you begin to notice the people. Some like the music, some don't care for it, & some have lost their money, & lulled by the music are indulging in romantic

dreams
of
future
success.



Others amid their friends who are entranced & feed round the gaming tables.

On presentation of your card at the office of the 'Commissaire-Special' your name & address are set down in a book & a ticket is given to you admitting you for one day to the Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco. After a look round you may have doubts as to the great honors of this establishment. The visitor is supposed to apply for a ticket each day, but the air of an habitué will carry one past the portiers who carefully guard the entrance to the inner room containing the tables.

There are two *la salle mandarine*: salons — the 1st contains two roulette tables, the 2nd 'la salle mandarine' has tables for roulette & two for 'baccarat personnel'. Round these tables from noon to nearly midnight — seven days a week — the most elegant company is — from the Yorkshiremen to the Japanese.

Evening is the gayest time. Such costumes & glittered sweep the polished floors such delicately-gloved fingers clutch the glittering coins — when they happen to win, & sometimes when they don't — such a clinking of money as the croupier makes the melody.





This is a sketch of the crowd round a table — all intent on gambling — editors
 of journals, English bankers of the place, venerable merchants & ancient g's, beloved
 sons who are 'travelling', artists, chivaliers of the Legion of Honour, dames who are
 not of that Legion, Princesses & high gossips, countesses & croupiers. The
 croupiers seem to be called 'employés' — 6 or 8 of them sit at each table, & 16
 or 18 of the public, other players standing. Two of

the croupiers are raised aloft on high chairs —
 one on each side, behind the cashiers. They gave
 judgment in case of dispute, whether they understood
 the affair or not — there
 must be no vacillation



behind navigators
 the fluctuations of their little
 for there are some players



At each end of the roulette
 table is a benevolent inspector
 who deposits stakes & keeps an eye on his neighbours —

sometimes
 English



pretty hovering
 goss, concealing
 of fresh flowers
 bits of coin —
 sensitive to
 the gaze of the



various bystanders who are
 in their turn the observed
 of other bystanders





At our table we have next to a lady clothed in red velvet & fur, a widow in her weeds buried in hand, recent grief still paralyzing & rendering her face & her handkerchief smug by habit to her cheek.

All the players pick in otherwise marked on provided ruled cards & the varying fortunes of the game, & use the knowledge to direct their play. One man audibly pieces forward for information to add to a parsuance of thousands of dotted holes which he winds from a machine, perpetrating an infallible mechanical system, no doubt. You must play by system, we are told.



Here is a man who is playing by system.



The rooms are so hot that we cannot stay long at a time in the Casino; however I will tell you more about it another day. Before leaving the

young room, if desired, a glass of water will be brought by an attendant; for, except in the matter of calculation, every attention is paid to the victors, especially the English, who are known as good customers to the 'Bank' — generally depositors. The Bank has frequently been kind enough to lend them money for the expenses of their homeward journey.

I promised to tell you about the romantic old town — perhaps I will in my next letter —

Tell them I will continue to be your devoted Cord.





Dear G

Mexico
8th July 1877

For a wholesale change between our visits to - Monte
Cristo we will now drive up to the old town of Mexico. The carriage may be
a jing-fang road built against the 'glacis' - one about zig & a long jag, thus
with a gate at the top. Wh...



Through the gate we are obliged to turn
sharp to the right - & drive far into the sea
& go along a well kept road with bright villas on
one hand & on the other a long row of graceful pillars
We pass a large building - the College

of the Virgin - (one often meets
towards sunset a detachment of the
scholars taking processional service
under the cold eye of a shaven tutor)
& then the hall of the tribunal - a
small clean building with officials smoking
in the steps or chatting about the road
in front. A Governor - General & a



Tribunal
Superior administrator the police to the 2
or 3 thousand inhabitants of the town -
equality. Jesuits instruct the youths &
the Sisters of St. Mary teach the girls
& nurse the sick

We have now arrived in the 'place du palais' — the palace faces us
 & a rampart with piles of cannonballs & shells is on our right. *Amigo!* —
 this old iron I take my stand & make you a sketch.



While doing so two mounted servants of the sovereign household emerge
 from under an archway & ride importantly across the square. Observe
 how their graceful seats *promontory*



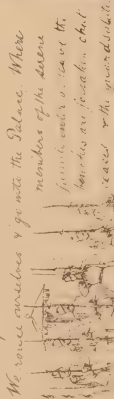
Opposite to the palace are
 a few painted houses & the barracks
 — the 2nd & 3rd new *new* streets of the town
 dividing them. On the other side
 is a promenade with rows of trees
 a dozen illuminated bridges over
 canons of the last century, some
 bearing the monogram → *DR* the *Princes* & of
 & others → *DR* *Princes* *Princes* perhaps
 former

— a marble fountain surrounded by a towel sort of bust
 of the reigning Prince, His Most Serene Highness Charles III.
 & a low wall built on the edge of the rock, over which is a
 fine prospect towards Villafraia

We sit down on a bench under the trees, & as they
 are now leafless we open our
 sunshades, for the sun is bright
 & painful. It makes every body look sleepy &
 feel lazy — quite delightful! The manner
 of the fountain, the laughter of children, from an
 open window the subdued lamentful wailing of a
 violin changing into a tremulous male voice
 singing a plaintive air as its owner places a
 plant in the soil. These are the only sounds
 No racket of traffic, no smoke, no mud. All day, bright, & clear



The sentries at the gate lean languidly against the lamp posts, the rest of the guard on duty wander softly under the trees or idly recline on the seats.



We soon ourselves go into the Palace. Where

members of the serene family enter & leave the bow-windows are placed in char-
acters & the ground is left

The army is at out-
sight strong — we know
all the officers & all the

rank & file by sight. Individually, taking the average
of the whole army, it is probably the finest in the world.

The men are tall good-looking, neat, wear clean linen collars,
& cuffs with their blue uniform. &

as to the play-fut brass with
each other. — in short, they
are not a bit like our militia

However, we pass into a small
court-yard with gaudy painted ponds all over the walls.

up a marble staircase, along a frescoed gallery through
an anteroom & two into the reception saloon. (The Prince
disappears under the vast magnificence of being blind. His

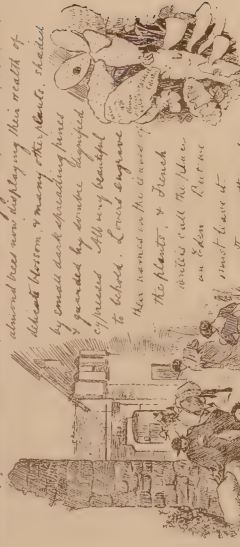
son, who stands next of his line on board his yacht, married the daughter of a
Spanish nobleman & the Prince's son is little boy & named "the infant") We
shall therefore have to be guided in the palace of Louis XIII & XIV & XV & XVI
— in one of the rooms of York, brother of George III, and & then
leave the palace, walk across the square, & enter into the public gardens





These are built in the form of small parties & towers on the top of the rocks & on some of the ledges part way down, having amongst old walls & masonry ever-changing look and towers, & opening upon ancient basins overlooking the glittering gulls riding on the spicing mazzette far below; & commanding a vast expanse of deep blue sea.

The mud by cliffs capriciously covered with tropical plants, the beds are set with aloes, prickly pears & thermophilous of cactus, with marigolds, roses, lilies, & geraniums & heliotropes. Shrubs bearing gem-like flowers & pink with



abundant trees now displaying their wealth of delicate blossom & many other plants, shaded by small dark spreading pines & guarded by sombre cypriped & pines. All very beautiful to behold. Low and engorge

then named in the course of the plants, & French writers call the place an Eden. But we must leave it.

Turning through a short narrow street & again crossing the square we descend by the quaint steep stone footway I shall have more to tell you about the domes at Monte Carlo. Yours affectionately
Carrie



Dear G

Monaco, 17th July, 1877

Walking one afternoon along the Moutone road we reached upon some rising a fine view of sea, hills, & churches. There was a stone seat, & on it sat an aged round-headed man. On the wall & bench before him were spread out many cards dotted with the results of numerous tosses of the roulette ball. He was studying his chances for the future.

As we turned away we met a priest reading in a little book as he walked.

This is talked of as a 'health resort', but while

the Casino goes in the looking breezes of Monaco

will not have much opportunity of affecting respectable people. If you stay at

the Hotel de Paris & do not play your money is wasted. The worthy folks who do come, come to that resort as they would in a menagerie.

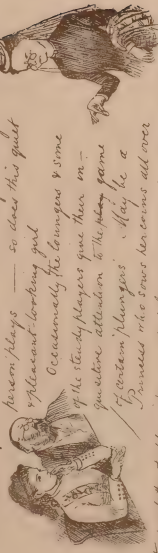


But the hotels are full, & the Casino is usually crowded... There are few who do not play. Even this proper sportsman-looking...

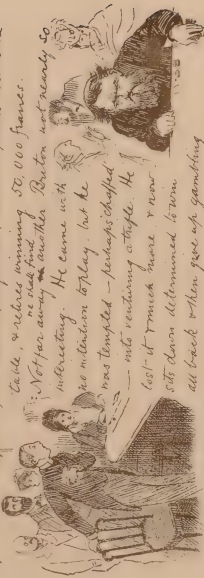
person plays — so does this quiet pleasant-looking girl

Occasionally the loungers & some of the steady players give their momentary attention to the play game of certain 'plungers'. May be a Frenchman who smokes his pipe all over

the table. Table with important board & in defiance of all system —



... young Englishmen who plays with 1000 francs notes at 'bancote' or 'guarante', & after a few minutes' play rises, makes a polite bow to the table, & retires, winning 50,000 francs.



Not far away another Britisher, not nearly so interesting. He came with no intention to play, but he was tempted — perhaps chaffed — into venturing a triple. He lost it — much more & now sits down determined to turn all back when give up gambling. Many of the crowd are visitors from Cannes. Nice, respectable Monaco, come for a day's distraction. Others are pigmen-shooting English Captains & Paravette French Marquis & Counts, & Princess of several nations. They are attracted by the French but leaving the general interest the gay company, & the attractions held out by the Société des Bains de Monaco under a dense even as well-regulated as amiable police. The town of Nice & the direction

a frequent attendant at the Casino
is a girl of about 12 or 13 years — the
daughter of an experienced
gambler. One night we saw
her & her nurse trying their
luck — calling Miss

Popover's Sky

Little Lady to
the mind of one eager

observer

The promoter of all these

despite the gathering together of

high-spirited people. The
chiffonier — so to speak —

M. Blane, is a great man
daughter is a prince who at
last — (a select complement to

say M. Blane has proposed
Monaco, his title, lands.

He goes every five dinners.
He does all well. But we can't help thinking that if the love that in the 3rd

century found the boat bearing the body of the future patroness of the Peninsula,
Sainte Devote, into this harbour had found what "Spot" would be placed

here in the 19th century it would have caught another heaven for its favour.

And we are now beginning to understand the wonderful looks of our fellow-
"bachelors" from Marseilles — a lady & 2 daughters going to Monte Carlo when we

visited at Monaco station



In the restaurant of the

Hôtel de Paris — which

is not cheap — on some

planned groups of Capote

game &c. A dancier

Capote, a shattered person

& with glasses are fit

enthusiasts of Monte Carlo.

So not well away

Good bye to it for the present

Yours
Carla



he has married his

ways wears a white

his father-in-law. Some

to buy up the Prince of

had we were thinking

great prizes for Negroes slaughtering

that if the love that in the 3rd

the future patroness of the Peninsula,

"Spot" would be placed

another heaven for its favour.

the wonderful looks of our fellow-

when we

when we

when we

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SKETCHES AT BUXTON.

By a Rheumatic Man



The View from St. Ann's Cliff. —



A Walk in the Gardens.





Rest of the Harriers



In the Saloon - (Ladies working - Band playing.)
- Mrs. -



A Cardiac Complication -



Anglers.

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND.



AT EPHRAIM'S HOUSE THAT EVENING I FOUND TWO OTHER TORTOISES BESIDES HIMSELF. THEY HAD COME ON PURPOSE TO HEAR ME. WHEN I HAD GIVEN THEM A SPECIMEN OF WHAT I COULD DO, THEY ALL SHOOK THEIR HEADS SOLIENLY.



HE WAS IN THE ACT OF LIFTING THE TANKARD TO HIS LIPS WHEN I SAW HIS FACE CHANGE SUDDENLY. FOLLOWING THE DIRECTION OF HIS EYES WITH MINE, I PERCEIVED THE CAUSE IN A MOMENT. LEANING AGAINST THE CLOCK IN AN ATTITUDE OF DEJECTION STOOD THE FIGURE.



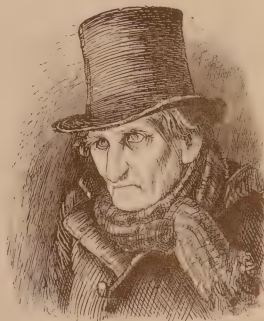
THE TORTOISES.



THE FIGURE BEGAN TO FADE—TO FADE AND DISSOLVE SLOWLY BEFORE US.



THEN DICKY DODD, IN ACCORDANCE WITH IMMEMORIAL CUSTOM,
HANDED ROUND HIS SNUFFBOX.



"IT'S WILL BLISSON!"





A MEET ON EXMOOR.





The Harbourer assures the Master that he's big enough.











NOTES AT THE SHAKSPERIAN SHOW AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.—I.



ON THE WAY OUT—"A BIG STEAMER LIKE THIS NEVER ROLLS."

THE two first pictures explain themselves. Every one who has made a sea voyage knows that steamers can roll, however big they may be, and can

recall the lively appearance at such a time of a cabin interior, with everything moveable swaying to and fro.



ON THE WAY OUT—EFFECT PRODUCED BY A ROUGH NIGHT ON GARMENTS
HANGING UP IN ONE'S STATE ROOM.

The picture on the right depicts a very youthful and diminutive citizen of the United States, who looks as if he had not long quitted the nursery, but who has, nevertheless, been doing the grand European tour all by himself, unattended and alone.



AT NEW YORK: READY TO LAND—YOUNG AMERICAN RETURNING
FROM HIS TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

The picture, on page 58, is thus described by Mr. CALDECOTT:—
The Capitol at Washington was dull during my visit: there were no statesmen or lobbyists, only a few country people looking at the Chambers, and at the historical pictures in the Rotunda. Some of these great pictures represent the



AT WASHINGTON — COUNTRY PEOPLE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

humiliation of various British Generals, one shows the baptism of Pocahontas, and another the Declaration of Independence. This last is indicated in the accompanying sketch, and is interesting by reason of its careful portraits. It is

a very fair specimen of this kind of work. John Randolph, during a debate in Congress, called it the "shin-piece," because of the abundance of legs displayed in it.

AMERICAN FACTS AND FANCIES.—II.



A YANKEE IN A STREET CAR, PHILADELPHIA.



A BRACE OF WASHINGTON POLITICIANS.

AS the period of my arrival was not during the Session of Congress, there were few statesmen to be seen walking about, but the fatigue of a little exploratory tour was rewarded by the discovery of a smoking politician or two preparing for the coming campaign.

At Philadelphia I was shocked by the lavish display of shop-signs and other street advertisements, and bewildered by the cobweb of telegraph wires and the forests of poles in the chief streets. There are some very clean streets of comfortable-looking red houses with white doors, white or grey-green venetian



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON.

shutters, and well-kept steps; but tramcars (in one of which my sketch of the Yankee was taken) and horse-railways run along these streets as well as along the business thoroughfares, and produce an effect of incongruity and a lack of repose.

Washington, which used to be called "The City of Magnificent Distances,"

is now a fine town with imposing public buildings, and wide, clean streets. The larger of these are called Avenues. The view along Pennsylvania Avenue either way, towards the Capitol or towards the White House, is something of which an American may be justly proud, although a closer inspection shows that many of the buildings in the Avenue are mean.



SCENE IN A HOTEL, WASHINGTON.

On arriving at my hotel at Washington, I had the first good broad effect of negroes. A crowd of dark grinning porters, with shirts over their other garments, received the omnibus. In the hall of the hotel men of a lighter shade in black jackets passed the guests into the reception room, and still paler gentlemen in longer

coats introduced us to white clerks in the office. The large dining or coffee-room was white and bright, the white-covered tables were many, and the waiters were all coloured. A head waiter of medium tint, with hair, whiskers, and moustache carefully dressed, showed new-comers to their seats with a slow, studied wave of the hand.



FOX-HUNTING IN AMERICA—A FANCY.

The most prominent features of the landscape as seen from the train between New York and Washington are the huge advertisements in white letters painted upon black wooden barns and workshops, and upon long black hoardings specially set up in the fields within view of the railway, but not close to the line. I hear that

even natural rocks are made to bear these marks of commercial enterprise. As I was told that there are plenty of packs of foxhounds in the Eastern States, I could not help having a vision of a hunting scene, and I here give a sketch of it as it appeared to my mind's eye.



OUR ARTIST'S NOTES AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT LIVERPOOL.



OUR ARTIST'S NOTES AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT LIVERPOOL.

AN ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL STATION.



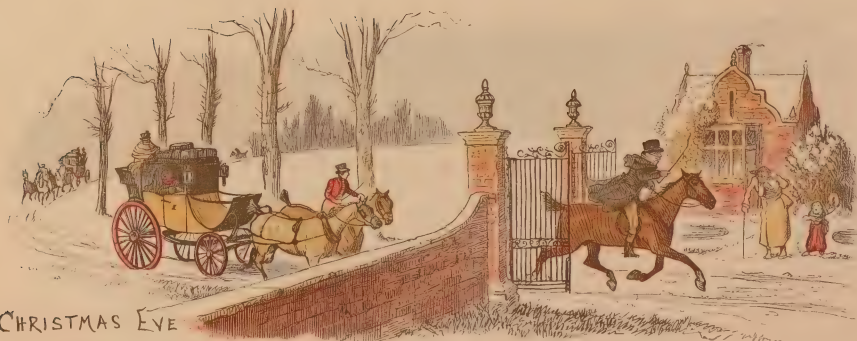
THE MANURE NUISANCE AT A COUNTRY RAILWAY STATION.

Owing to the modern facilities of transit, manure, for farm and garden operations, is brought from much longer distances than it used to be, and now and then, at country stations there is a regular Bank of Deposit of this invaluable but

malodorous compost. I chanced to be on the platform once when a fresh load had arrived. The scent was overwhelming, hands instinctively sought noses, and the result, so far as I was concerned, was the above sketch.

CHRISTMAS VISITORS.

From my Grandfather's Sketches.

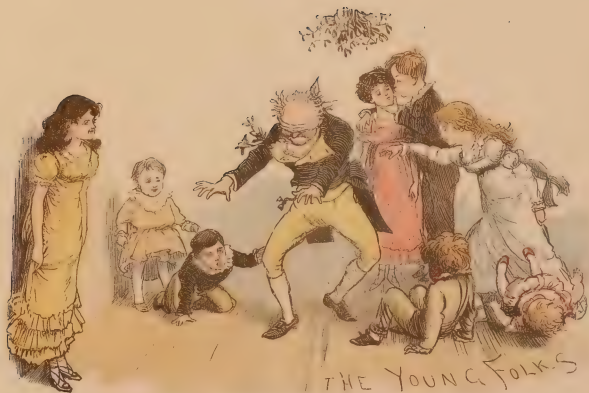


CHRISTMAS EVE

("We dine early - be in time.") - Arrival of Guests



The OLD FOLKS — 34





HP The Christmas Wine



La Pastourelle.

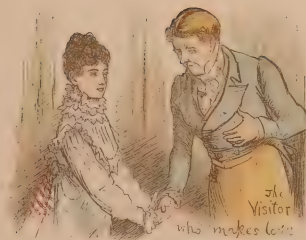


The Young Squire (M.F.H.) entertains some hunting friends.



The Coachman mixes a Christmas Bowl

(The Witsman is exceedingly fond of Punch.)



The
Visitor
who makes love



PAUL AND VIRGINIA;

Or, The Very Last of the Smugglers.



PAUL SMITH SUPELEY was a clerk in one of Her Majesty's Government Offices. There was a regularity about his hours and his salary which to some temperaments would appear delightful. He hung up his hat on the office

peg exactly as the clock struck ten; he took down his hat from the office peg exactly as the clock struck four. His salary was equally regular. The amount was not large, but it advanced ten pounds every year; and a prudent man thus situated



would have felt that with such a prospect before him he might at the age of fifty venture to take to himself a wife, and even indulge in a family. But Paul was



not one of these prudent, far-seeing men. His soul loathed the monotony and uniformity of his occupation; he longed for a career of variety and adventure.



How should he manage to effect the transformation? Why, thus. As an amateur he was a fair proficient with the brush. He would become a professional artist.

It is both a fashionable and a lucrative pursuit, he said to himself. So he resigned his snug berth in the Red Tape and Green Sealing Wax Office, and devoted



himself solely to Art. But bitter disappointment was in store for him. Month after month he worked away only to discover that Art had neither brought him any lucre nor had introduced him to the world of fashion. He was just as obscure as when he was a Government clerk, and what was worse, his private resources were rapidly dwindling away. Filled with gloomy thoughts he resolved to try a change

of air and scene. Accordingly he betook himself to a cheap seaside hostelry of which he had heard from another artist. When he first arrived at his destination he felt too much out of spirits to sketch at all; but presently he spied a lonely old house on a spit of land on the other side of the entrance to the harbour. (See pages 74, 75) There was something in the decayed and deserted appearance



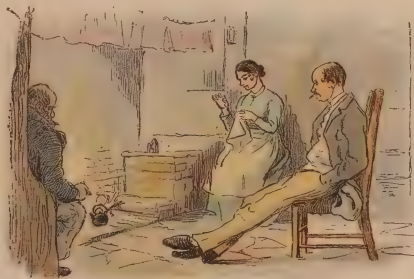
of this house which harmonised with his own melancholy feelings. A chord of sympathy seemed to draw him towards it, and he resolved to sketch it. Some of the coastguardsmen ferried him across the harbour, and, while thus engaged, told him mysterious tales of the lonely old house, and of the smuggling adventures of which it had formerly been the scene. These stories increased his interest, and it

was still further aroused when he occasionally saw at the door of the old house a rather comely girl engaged in little household or dairy duties. (See page 75.) Encouraged by the sight of this fair vision, he hired the boat belonging to the inn and took to sketching the lonely old cottage from all points of the compass. He would have felt comfortable if he could have done this work in solitude, but



unfortunately other artists (a vulgar, coarse minded set of fellows) got wind of his proceedings, persistently sketched alongside of him, and even persuaded yachtsmen

and others assembled on the pier to keep their telescopes and field-glasses directed at the house. (See also pages 75, 77.) Gradually, however, as the summer days



began to shorten, this troublesome tribe of artists flitted elsewhere. Paul still stayed on, and still haunted the neighbourhood of the lonely old cottage. After a

while he had his reward. At first the comely girl was very shy. When she saw him approaching she would dart in-loors and remain invisible for hours. But one



autumnal day Paul espied Her seated demurely with some needlework in her hand on a grassy mound which overlooked the harbour. Without saying a word he took up his position on the other side of the grassy mound with his back towards her, yet within a yard and a half of her adorable person. (See page 76.) On this

occasion, instead of scurrying away, she stood—or rather “sat”—her ground. Paul set to work diligently sketching, but his thoughts were really concentrated on the girl behind him. And of what was She thinking? At any rate she was not agitated, as was Paul. On the contrary, she stitched away, calmly, neatly, and



discreetly. The protracted silence became by degrees intolerable to the artist ; he seemed to have sat there for two hours (it was really about ten minutes) ; he felt

that he must either speak or (metaphorically) die. He cudgelled his brains how he should manage it, when kind Fate came to his assistance. The balmy breeze



momentarily freshened into a transient puff, and, as it did so, mischievously whisked the handkerchief she was hemming out of her hand, blew it over her shoulder, and

laid it at Paul's feet. Of course he at once picked it up and restored it to her, of course she thanked him, with a heightened colour, and with an added light in her



soft eyes, of course he replied, of course both their tongues became thoroughly unloosed, and equally of course, as the first ten minutes had seemed like two hours, so the next two hours seemed like ten minutes. During that precious interval they learnt a great deal about each other. Paul learnt that a grim man, whom he had seen pottering about the outhouses, was her father (see page 80), and he also

learnt that her Christian name was Virginia—a sweet name, suggestive of—but, as the old-fashioned novelists used to say, we will not anticipate. A day or two afterwards the grim man was once more seen sauntering about the premises, and, to Paul's delight, beckoned him to come in. The hospitable reception which he accorded to the young artist belied his grim aspect—in fact, as a host he was not

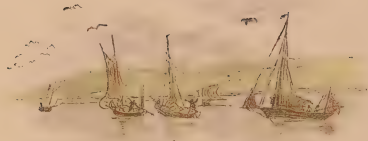


grim at all. A succession of evenings was thus pleasantly spent (see page 78), and, as the grim man became more and more confidential, he informed Paul that he had seen better days—in fact that, although now in reduced circumstances, he was a gentleman born and bred. He was, too, a hospitable entertainer; the rum,

the whiskey, and the tobacco which he produced were of the choicest description. And then he had a most commendable habit of quietly slipping out of the room and leaving the lovers—for by this time they were lovers—all to themselves. There were, however, one or two circumstances which puzzled Paul. Why did the



coastguardsmen point their glasses so often towards the lonely old cottage? Why did they one night steal in thither with drawn cutlasses, and, finding the grim man



asleep on a bench (see page 80), proceed diligently to search the premises? Why did the grim man afterwards hold a colloquy with them, and apparently



address them in terms of entreaty and deprecation? (See page 80.) All this, however, passed out of Paul's thoughts in the presence of more interesting food for

contemplation. Having timidly asked Virginia to name the happy day, she laid her sweet face, bedewed with joyful tears, on his shoulder, and murmured into his ear,

"Ask Papa !" He did ask Papa, and found him most gracious. "The sooner the better, my boy," he replied, and added, "the coastguards, who are old friends of mine, will form a guard of honour on the occasion." And so they did. (See page 79.) Everything went off beautifully ; and as they drove back along the seashore, the bride and bridegroom in front, the old man smoking his pipe at the back of the cart, and the jovial tars as outriders in attendance, it had quite the effect of a Royal Procession. (See page 82.) But a few days after the wedding Paul saw a strange sight. He beheld his respected father-in-law hurrying across the fields with an agility almost inconceivable in a man of his age and figure, hotly

pursued by a number of his quondam allies, the coastguardsmen. (See page 81.) They were impeded by their boots, and the grim man gained sufficient time to seize a boat and row off in it. (See page 83.) Guns were fired, fishing-boats were manned (see illustrations on page 83), but he was never caught. "Why did they chase your father?" asked Paul. "Because," replied the bride, in tearful accents, "he was a smuggler, and he christened me Virginia because the name reminded him of the tobacco he ran ashore." Thus abruptly ends the History of

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.



"GONE AWAY"



Handsman
racing to
stop the

tuglers



The Harbourer assures the Master that he's big enough
to run.